Volume LXXII CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913 Number 2

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE UNIVERSAL GOD.

Forasmuch as all men worship, bow the head or bend the knee
Toward a Fate, a Power, a Maker, whom they feel yet cannot see,
Source of life and life's Destroyer, Mystery in Mystery;

Forasmuch as all the winds and all the seas in wild acclaim,
All the worlds from outer darkness eddying into light and flame,
Roar with rumors of his glory, clang the syllables of his name;

Forasmuch as heart and fancy throb with love or cower in fear,
Stirred with tremor of his motions, by his shadowing shield or spear,
And rebelling or denying every leaf of life is sear;

Forasmuch as they who love and lean in love upon his breast,
Keep the richer bliss of being, drink the dews of a deeper rest;
Rise renewed in soul and sinew, greeting life with a keener zest.

I will seek him mid the darkness, search his prints in the shifting sands,
Kneel beside his feet invisible, crave the touch of his viewless hands,
Trust his love, proclaim his splendor trumpet-tongued in the listless lands.

—*Selected.*

CONTENTS

A Sonnet.—*Robert Bridges* 19

EDITORIAL—
Notes 19
And Now It Is the "Aryan Menace" 21
Tower Hill Letter.—C. F. F. 21
The Peace Palace 22

THE PULPIT—
The Rigour of Truth.—Rev. Alexander Webster. 23
The Spirit Universal.—Horace G. Hopkins 25

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—
The Growth of the Hebrew Religion. Lesson XXVII. Job 25
Mr. Tagore on "Soul Consciousness"—*The Indian Messenger* 26
Thou Thinkest Thou Hast Lived.—*Richard Watson Gilder* 28
Industrial Peace.—*Congregationalist and Christian World* 28

THE FIELD—
Beecher Memorial and Centennial Celebration.—*George W. Gray* 29

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1913. NUMBER 2.

A SONNET.

I live on hope and that I think do all
Who come into this world, and since I see
Myself in swim with such good company,
I take my comfort whatsoe'er befall.
I abide and abide, as if more stout and tall
My spirit would grow by waiting like a tree;
And, clear of other's toil, 'it pleaseth me
In dreams their quick ambition to forestall.
And if thro' careless eagerness I slide
To some accomplishment, I give my voice
Still to desire, and in desire abide.
I have no stake abroad; if I rejoice
In what is done or doing, I confide
Neither to friend nor foe my secret choice.

—*Robert Bridges,* Poet Laureate.

These days of Agricultural Fairs and farmers' oratory, is a good time to call for a re-reading and a new study of a too much neglected address by Abraham Lincoln which he gave at the Wisconsin State Fair in Milwaukee in 1859. At the time, the interest in national affairs was so over-whelming that the public had little mind for the discussion of economic questions. Since that time the reputation of Abraham Lincoln has been so absorbed by his work as the Great Emancipator and the Savior of the Union, that his wise words to the farmers have received but little attention. But when read in the light of the subsequent development of agricultural interests and the rise of the farmer in intelligence and scientific efficiency, his words, here as elsewhere, ring with a prophetic challenge. The address referred to is easily accessible in the published works of Abraham Lincoln edited by Nicolay and Hay. Go find it and read it!

Mark Sullivan, in his comments on Congress in *Collier's* for August 9th, finds what he calls "a cause for delicacy" on the part of Albert Bacon Fall, Senator from New Mexico,—who is urgent for United States intervention in the affairs of Mexico,—in the fact that in the official autobiography in the Congressional Record Senator Fall is reported as being "now engaged in farming and stock raising in New Mexico, *and in mining in Mexico.*" This anxiety on the part of the Senator from New Mexico to secure United States protection for his mining interests in sadly distracted Mexico, stands out in striking contrast with the attitude of William Kent, Representative from California, whose words we quoted in a recent number, and who in substance says to his Congressional associates: "I have vested interests in Mexico but I am not willing to defend those interests at the risk of my life, nor am I willing that my sons should so protect them, and I would be a coward and a murderer were I to ask others to jeopardize their lives where I am not willing to go myself or have my own sons go."

Collier's Weekly looks forward to the time when the Lords of Great Britain must as a legislative body be abolished. It says wisely that: "If the Lords cannot transmit intelligence, how can they hope to transmit legislative power?" It seems to look for a re-construction of the upper House, even as the United States has finally succeeded in reconstructing its Senate by the direct election of senators. Perhaps with the rapid growth of civic sense, before it will be able to reform it, Great Britain will learn the uselessness of the upper House and abolish it altogether. The whole theory of a double legislative body rests upon a distrust of legislators, which is another way of distrusting democracy. Soon or late the United States Senate will go, the House of Representatives will be reduced in size in order to increase its efficiency and dignity, and instead of the Senate will come the House of Governors, meeting in triennial or quadrennial session with the power of recommending direct,—without the delay of committees,—such measures as they may see fit to commend. This, or something like it, is the way to cut legislative "red tape" and do away with the consequent delay and confusion.

McClure's Magazine has reached its Twentieth Anniversary and Jeannette W. Gilder tells interestingly, in the August number, of "When 'McClure's' Began," also there is an announcement that with the October number S. S. McClure will begin an autobiographical story which is promised to be one of the most romantic and typical American stories ever told. Quite aside from the intrinsic interest in the successive issues of this magazine, it is to be commended as a training school for authors. Names that were comparatively new, strange and doubtful in literature twenty years ago, have become international. Kipling, Stevenson, Anthony Hope and Conan Doyle are among the names that Miss Gilder quotes as those which McClure has helped to make famous. Suspicious as we are of the "good magazine"—often as we surrender to its seductive charms,—we can congratulate not only Mr. McClure and his collaborators in the editorial and counting rooms, but also the American public, the thousands of boys and girls who have

not only been stimulated intellectually, but soothed emotionally, strengthened ethically, and socialized,—which is another word for humanized,—by its pages. Long may *McClure's* wave!

Apropos the interesting and valuable address of Librarian Legler, recently published in these pages, one is led to reflect upon the limitations that still beset our public libraries. Long ago Emerson said: that there ought to be in our universities a professor of books. It is a fact well acknowledged by the competent that mere book-reading is not necessarily creditable, that there is a great deal of mental debility that is the result of reading, and much neurotic unhealth that is the result of the over-excitement produced by reckless and omnivorous reading. There is danger not only in bad books, but much danger in good books. UNITY has long maintained that every public library should have in connection with it a public hall, or at least, class rooms, where, under wise leadership, great authors could be introduced, and untrained minds could be prepared for high reading. Leaving the problem of metropolitan cities to be settled by themselves, throughout at least the small villages and towns of America there is still need of the capitol building that shall not only contain the public library but be the rallying place of the cultured; a convenient and free meeting place for students where classes in literature, science, music and art shall be in evidence throughout all the hours of day and evening. *What* readest thou? And *why* readest thou? And *how* readest thou? are primal questions in the development of the soul, and they are not adequately answered by an aggregation of volumes and the skillful handling of the same.

We will probably have to wait a long time before the story of the triumph of women before the Legislature of Illinois will be better told than it is by George Fitch,—himself an Illinois legislator,—in *Collier's* for August 9th. Here is told the story of "The Noiseless Suffragette" in a way that is thrilling, and that is convincing of the better way. It is a revelation of what can be accomplished by the higher diplomacy; not by intrigue, corruption, or direct "influence," but by the legitimate use of reason and the sagacious use of common sense. The quiet work of the three women, Mrs. Sherman Booth, Mrs. Grace Wilbur Trout and Mrs. Antoinette Funk, will convince the thousands who will read this story, as surely as they succeeded in convincing so many of the legislators, that the women not only know what they are about but that they are equal to the responsibilities they seek. Mr. Fitch quotes Mrs. Funk as saying:

"We tried to prove that women would not argue by personality and hysteria but by using cold, impersonal statements of fact; and we, the women of Illinois, admitted that woman's place is in the home by staying here and getting results with a committee of four."

"I think the English suffragette campaign helped get us the vote," continued Mrs. Funk, "by the contrast which we furnished. While Englishwomen were blowing up country homes and abbeys we weren't even making speeches. And we took every occasion to remind the legislators that the reason why we could work as we did was because we were dealing with reasonable American men."

This story should become classic! It has great creative power. We hope it will be put into an available leaflet and distributed by the hundred thousands in the states where men voters still distrust, hesitate, and sneer at the inevitable approach of the "reserve corps" to the fighting line where ballots, not bullets, contend for the right.

Dr. W. A. Evans devotes his two column space in "How to Keep Well" in the Sunday *Chicago Tribune* for August 31st, "To war and the diseases of war." He calls forcible attention to what the United States would bargain for in the way of new invasions of more virulent types of smallpox, malaria, and perchance yellow fever, if we crossed the Mexican borders with our army. Difficult as it may be to determine what to do with the present situation in Mexico, it is safe to say that the obvious thing *not* to do is to mobilize our troops across the border. What would they find when they got there? Innocent women and children, civic interests already sadly confused,—to debauch; here and there an occasional armed body of men, more trained with the musket than with the mind, innocent of the primal offense, ignorant of the real issue, but ready to shoot in response to what to them is the high call, the always imperative "call of patriotism." Suppose these "patriots" were killed by the scores and hundreds, or the thousands, would there be any wrongs righted, or rights defended? The newspapers say that the American colonists in Mexico object to being called home. If they prefer to remain and run the risks incident to an inadequate government in Mexico, is it not their right so to do, and ought it not to be at their own risk? Have they not taken their lives in their own hand? If they have seen fit to invest their capital there, is not that risk their loss? Whatever we do with or for Mexico we should avoid shooting. Let there be no firing line. The salvation of Mexico, or, of democracy, or, of democracy in Mexico, does not lie in the cannon of the United States either on land or on sea.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain,
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making;
A tablet, say, on which God's finger of flame,
In words harmonious, of triumphant verse,
That mingles joy and sorrow, sets down clear,
That out of darkness he hath called the light.

—*George MacDonald.*

And Now It Is the "Aryan Menace!"

The *Aryan,* as already noted in these columns, is "a monthly organ devoted to the spread of the Eastern view of the Truth, the interests of the Hindus in the British Dominions, and the causes of the present unrest in India," published in Victoria, B. C. The first leaf of the issue for August 24th is before us. Only three of the six columns come within the comprehension of the Editor of UNITY, the remainder is printed in the artistic type of some form of Hindustane. The readable English text contains the following items under the title of "The United States of America Debars Hindus":

Although the American missionaries have gone to India in large numbers to preach the gospel of Christ still when our countrymen come over to the U. S. A., whether to study the conditions or to improve their conditions by a sojourn in the land of liberty, they are debarred. According to a press dispatch twenty-five Hindus who recently arrived in San Francisco from the Phillipines are barred from landing. These men are British subjects and according to international law have the same rights as Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Canadians, etc. But apparently from the treatment accorded to the Hindus one would suppose that the term "British subjects" has two interpretations, one for the people of India and another for the people from Great Britain and the Dominions overseas. Mr. Hari Singh, M. A., of Edinburgh University, is taking up the above matter and the case will be taken to the highest court of the U. S. A. to see if the President by executive order can debar British subjects and whether that is not a violation of treaty rights between U. S. A. and Great Britain. We hope our countrymen, who are resident in the various parts of the U. S. A., and other sympathizers in our cause for justice will come forward and help on in this case. We earnestly request our brethren to stand up as a unit and hold meetings and memorialize the President and the Congress at Washington, D. C., about this matter.

Concerning this deportation the Editor of *The Aryan* writes to the Editor of UNITY:

Dear Friend: Herewith I enclose a cutting about some Hindus who have come to Seattle and have been ordered to be deported. Unfortunately our countrymen when coming to America do not receive any justice and I shall feel it a great favor if you would very kindly bring this question to the notice of the American public through the press or the platform. I know the strong stand you take on the question of Brotherhood of man and in our fight for justice and humanity, I hope you will lend us a helping hand. It requires a strong American to take up the cause of our countrymen. If I can be of any service please command me.

We know something of this Sikh Colony at Vancouver, which is strong enough to maintain a Sikh Temple and is in touch with their fellow citizens in the East. The Sikhs represent an aggressive, progressive form of Hinduism. The men are of pure Aryan blood, descended from the same fore-elders, if language is to be trusted, as the boastful Anglo Saxons of Canada and the United States, who lay arrogant claim to the exclusive right to the Western Hemisphere. The attempt to keep out our own cousins by deporting twenty-five, or, ten times that number of Hindus, who land at our western ports, is as foolish as Mother Partington's attempt to mop back the Atlantic Ocean. It is as selfish and uneconomical as to attempt to hedge about our sugar interests with high tariffs; as immoral as the conceits of aristocrary ever are. These men represent high descent. They are the children of a profound philosophy, inheritors of a great literature, brothers in blood, and are entitled to a place at the same table of the universal Father.

Why this cowardly dread on the part of the western Aryans of the Aryans of the east? Surely there is some better way of perpetuating what is excellent, and protecting what is valuable, in the United States, than by this offense to brotherhood, this indignity to religion and this arrogance of the representatives of a whiskey drinking, tobacco smoking, gambling, grafting, politically debauched and industrially uniquitous, people who mask behind the word "freedom" and the fine phrases about "pure blood," "progress" and "justice."

Tower Hill Letter

This year's session of the Tower Hill Congress is over. Seven wonderful meetings held during the last three days of August are ended. They are, however, more than a memory, for new vigor has been added to every high purpose in the hearts of those present, and the influence will extend in ever widening circles as each returns to the daily task carrying the quickened desire to count for something in the progress of the world. And each who came carried away more than the thought of the speakers, however inspiring the message, for to each who attended the congress there was added the ministry of the hills, the music of the trees and the calm of the starlit night, all bringing the benediction of peace and the admonition of patience, so that as we thought of wrongs that thrive, and evils that seem to be eating out the manhood of the race, and wearied to make everything right today and in our way, we needed but to sit on the quiet hillside and look out over the calm reaches of river and golden sand, to the uplands folded in tender mists and to the glory of the sky beyond, to know that all is right in the making and that our poor little struggling world cannot go "beyond His love and care."

Thus do we leave the Tower Hill Congress with renewed faith that life is great and vastly worth while, and with added hopefulness that our little part in the work that makes it so will not be unavailing. One of the reasons we know that life is great is the thought so finely expressed by Miss Sterns towards the close of the meetings, when she emphasized the dominant thought of this and every Tower Hill Congress, a thought from which we cannot get away if we would, and to which each address contributes, however seemingly various the topics,—the thought of Brotherhood.

And so it was, from the words of greeting from our beloved leader, himself the embodiment of brotherhood, to the reading at the end of the last meeting, of a story by Miss Zona Gale in which the underlying thought was the inherent loyalty of human kind to each other. Every address was rich in stimulating, uplifting and comforting words that one longed to remember forever, but which needed a stenographic skill to record, and lacking which, any attempt to

describe such a series of meetings becomes little better than a catalogue.

In her annual address Miss Stearns sounded the note of brotherhood in her earnest discussion of "The Problem of Leisure," which, she made very clear, is just as serious a problem for men and women to solve as the more generally recognized problem of labor.

Again was brotherhood the unnamed topic of the able and convincing address on "County Option," by Hon. S. M. Marsh, which was none the less an appeal to conscience because he chose to approach the subject from the economic rather than from the temperance side. And still again it was brotherhood that he considered when such topics as "The Farmer and the State," "Good Roads," and "The Higher Purposes of Farming Communities" were made the subjects of addresses by the Hon. John S. Donald, Secretary of State of Wisconsin, the Hon. John A. Hazlewood, Highway Commissioner, and Mr. Charles Holman, of Madison University. All these addresses thrilled us with the thought of greater service through greater efficiency, and a richer man and womanhood as a result of a united endeavor for the public welfare.

Miss Almere Scott, of the Madison University extension division, told of the very practical way in which that department sends out "Packages of Wisdom" on any and every topic on which information is applied for. Prof. Dykema, also of Madison University, gave a most interesting paper on "Music in the Life of the Community," which made all feel how needlessly impoverished the American people are by lack of appreciation of the part music might play in our lives.

The last day of the congress, being Sunday, brought large numbers from the countryside, filling the pavilion to its capacity, and further emphasizing the brotherly feeling for which Tower Hill is synonymous as they gathered under the trees at noontime for lunch and neighborly intercourse.

The only disappointment of the congress was the loss from the program of Prof. Paul. S. Reinsch, the recently appointed minister to China, who telegraphed that he had been summoned to Washington for conference with President Wilson. But in the presence of such riches disappointment could not long cloud our satisfaction and vanished entirely in listening to Dr. Updyke, pastor of the Congregational Church of Madison, who gave a message full of inspiration and of great breadth of view.

The Sunday afternoon services in a sense summed up the spirit of the congress, when Mr. Jones made a masterly plea for brotherhood, not alone of individuals, but of nations and of races, showing the worse than folly of that exclusion that too often excludes us from the fine fruit of the age long development of races beside which our civilization is but beginning.

The last meeting was marked by a short paper on some phases of life in India by Miss Krishnabae Tulasker, a young Hindu lady, who is eagerly studying our western life, and who regards differences of custom and belief with a toleration many of our race would do well to copy.

The congress closed with the reading by Miss Zona Gale of one of her beautiful stories in which the ever resourceful Calliope Marsh brought good feeling out of a situation that at first seemed hopeless.

Songs, and then a few tender words of benediction, and the congress had closed.

Such is the meager outline of the main addresses, with no mention of the part contributed by music and poetry to make a beautiful setting for the subjects under discussion. But no one who was there will forget the readings by Miss Mary E. Wilder and Mrs. Sherry and the singing by Miss Jennie Johnson and Prof. and Mrs. Dykema and Senator Marsh.

Every one who spoke or sang, who smiled a welcome or gave a handclasp, or rendered the countless services for the comfort of the guests, helped to make a perfect whole which will always remain in memory as a glimpse of that ideal society which shall come into existence when there are more Tower Hills, and the Tower Hill spirit shall find lodgment in more hearts.

C. F. F.

Tower Hill, Wis., Sept. 2, 1913,

The Peace Palace

The Hague is just now the center of international consultations and longings for peace among the peoples of the earth. On August 29 the new Peace Palace, provided for by the gift of money from Andrew Carnegie, is to be dedicated. As a preliminary to that event the International Peace Congress has been in session, with its opportunity for the free discussion of movements among the nations, for the molding of public opinion and its expression in favor of peace. The question of armaments, of an international force to hold the disarmed nations to acceptance of the decisions of the international tribunal, of the fortification of the Panama Canal and many others were brought before the Congress. The delegation from the United States, representing our peace societies, was large, and most of the nations, excepting the Balkan kingdoms, were represented. From September 3 for a week the International Parliamentary Union, representing the national legislative bodies of civilization, will be in session in the new Peace Palace.

Though paid for by an American, the palace contains contributions from many countries—marbles from Italy, rare woods and examples of the peculiar products of the nations. It will be a permanent institution and goal of pilgrimage, housing the Permanent Court of The Hague Tribunal, a library, museum and meeting place for international organizations of all sorts.

We quote the above from the *Congregationalist and Christian World*, and it may be interesting to add from press reports that:

The Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau has been conferred on Andrew Carnegie by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, in commemoration of the inauguration of the Palace of Peace. A similar decoration was bestowed on Abraham Pieter Cornelis Van Karnebeek, president of the Carnegie Foundation, and minor distinctions on others connected with the Palace of Peace. * * * *

The Palace of Peace, which was dedicated with impressive ceremonies, is the gift of Andrew Carnegie, who, in 1903, placed at the disposal of the Dutch Government the sum of $1,500,000 for the purpose, as expressed in his offer, "of erecting and maintaining at The Hague a court house and library for the Permanent Court of Arbitration established by the treaty of the 29th of July, 1899."

To provide a site for this, the first structure ever erected for such a purpose, the Dutch government appropriated $275,000. The site selected is in a section of wooded and hilly park stretching from The Hague to Scheveningen, and the cornerstone was laid July 30, 1907. Building materials and furnishings were donated by many countries.

THE PULPIT

The Rigour of Truth

A Sermon by

REV. ALEXANDER WEBSTER

Of Aberdeen, Scotland

Whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain." MATT. v. 39-41.

The style of the speech of Jesus as presented by Matthew is figurative. He is shown out of doors, in the fields, by the seaside, or on the mountain eminence, with throngs around him listening gladly to his picturesque utterances. His sayings disclose a profound insight into the processes of Nature, and a marvelous intuition regarding the workings of the human soul. His specific function is that of an interpreter of spiritual realities for the purpose of getting the soul into atonement with them. He was in earnest for spiritual character, enthusiastic for rightness.

He was no mere literary florist speaking to amaze or amuse. He spoke to inform, to educate, to elevate. His object was the consecration of the human for fulness of life. The characteristic quality of his parabolic speech is its intense ethicality. Each metaphor has in it a moral message. His tropes are truths. To him we might fitly apply the description of the "Generous Evangelist," by John Stuart Blackie:

> This man smells not of creeds, a green
> And lusty show he bears.
> As one whose foot has wandering been
> Where vitalizing airs
> Sweep the far purpled hills. His God
> He cabins not in creeds
> But feels him where the fir trees nod
> And where the south wind speeds
> O'er blossomy fields. In waves and winds
> For gospel texts he looks
> And in the heart of man he finds
> What no man finds in books.

At this distance, reading his words from the printed page, we wonder over them. We ask: "Did he intend his counsels to be taken literally: Is it possible to obey them in any practical way? When he speaks of 'cheeks,' 'coats,' 'cloaks' and 'miles' are we to take them with a material or with a spiritual reference?"

I think he intended every one of his figures to have a practical ethical hold. We are ourselves in bodily form material, and live among materialities with which we require to deal vitally. The purpose of Jesus was to impress the fact that each material thing had its moral significance, and should be used in accordance with it. He sought to associate things with principles and to show that there is nothing unrelated to universal law. He saw that there was a morality naturally attached to a cheek, a coat, a cloak and a mile which should be recognized. The human cheek was to him something more than a thing of flesh and blood. It represented a personality, the embodiment of an Infinite thought, in connection with which it had its real meaning. He saw that to strike a cheek is to strike a consciousness which feels all through. The treatment of the human face, as of everything belonging to humanity, should proceed from an awe of the divine life manifested in it. Jesus made the purification of the face a religious act. *"Thou when thou prayest anoint thine head and wash thy face."*

Likewise the possession of a coat or cloak has moral implications, and the recognition and honor of these constitute the right to have and form the law of use. And in the same way a mile has moral aspects. It is not a measure of mere physical distance but an indication of neighborhood, a mark of property held by some one. *"Remove not thy neighbor's landmark."* Respect his boundaries as thine own.

All things whatsoever to which human beings are physically related have moral involvements and exist for the sake of the spiritual. That was the truth Jesus sought to set forth by means of parables and figures. He endeavored to get his hearers to apprehend that the kingdom of heaven was involved in their fishing, their sowing, their pruning and their merchandize. Religion consists of respect for natural things, of all serviceable work and all right conduct. We are vitally related to God on every hand by everything we see and touch. All are His manifestations and it is our religious business to associate ourselves with Him on the lines of his universal operation.

The central thought that Jesus sought to establish is that God is here with us as the inspiration of all upward effort. All things have their meaning in that connection. Every unit of the universe is vivified for ascension. There is nothing disconnected from the evolutionary universal process. The process that forms the cheek is the same as that which shapes the unfathomable galaxy." The reason for a coat is the reason for a planet. The law which pervades a mile goes through the universe, on sea as on land. We cannot escape from it in any ship or flying machine: it besets us behind and before, above and below. In his own stimulating way, Robert Louis Stevenson averred that all the miles in every land go to the same tune—

> Then follow you, wherever hie
> The travelling mountains of the sky,
> Or let the streams in civil mode
> Direct your choice upon a road;
> For one and all, or high or low,
> Will lead you where you wish to go,
> And one and all go night and day
> Over the hills and far away.

Every fact is related to every other. All truths corroborate each other. The verity of all is in each. It is impossible logically to halt in our thinking and go but a short way with truth. The rigour of truth compels us to go all the way.

Jesus grasped the Fatherhood of God so comprehensively that he could not limit it to Jewry. It embraced all mankind: the evil and the good, each man was neighbor, brother to every other. There was no foreigner, no enemy. He felt that the logic and ethic of God's Fatherhood are inexorable. No line can be drawn excluding any people. So Jesus saw that when humanity is struck in one place the blow is felt all over.

> For mankind are one in spirit and an instinct bears along
> Round the earth's wide circle the swift flash of right and wrong.

There is no limit that compassion can urge. The term "brethren" and the love proper to it have to go all round. The cloak of its sympathy must go with the coat of its reason. There is no restraint on moral duty. Peter asked: "How oft shall my brother offend, and I forgive him?—until seven times?" *"Nay, but I say unto you seventy times seven."* There is no moral

terminus, no last mile indicating the conclusion of duty. The principle that goes one mile is good for two. The compassion that moved the Samaritan to succor the wounded man led him all the way to the inn, ass, cloak and purse were due to him, the helpless stranger.

We have to think universally, measure comprehensively and feel on the human scale. When Jesus smote the Pharisaic conceit with principles of universal application the prejudiced men resented his strokes. They thought and acted sectarianly: he wanted them to think and work humanly, to realize that there is no right or left with Truth, no here and there, but a measureless universality in which all things are interrelated. Truth is many sided: it has many garments, many continents. If we find it on this side in the raiment of physical science, we should turn to the other side and hail it in the robes of poetry. The poet is needed to fulfill the physicist. Truth has a large wardrobe of various designs—the toga of philosophy, the drapery of art, the coat of experiment and the cloak of hypothesis, and needs each in turn and all together to express itself. It has no boundary, no finale. We cannot wisely say, "We will go so far and then stop," for the theme of our thought, whatever it is,—if only the wing of a fly,—carries us into the Infinite.

When the rich young ruler came to Jesus asking what he should do to secure eternal life, the answer was given with unflinching rigour, "Sell all thou hast, and follow righteousness to its utmost outgo." The man who had great possessions was staggered by the sweep of the reply. "All!" he gasped. "Would not a portion do? a series of large donations to popular things? Half?" No! The requirement applies to all on the left and on the right."

When any moral appeal comes it has the whole weight of humanity with it. A beggar knocks at your door, and you hear his request impatiently and dismiss him with a penny and a murmur. Poverty cannot be solved that way. It is the sign of moral wrong and appears before you with all its implications in the person of the beggar. He is dirty, diseased and perhaps drugged. His is a case for scientists, economists and statesmen. He is a type: he represents thousands, victims of a selfish competitive system for whom your dole is no real deliverance. You cannot stop your concern at him: you must go all the way with the problem he presents,—every mile of the poor rate. Every league of the dolarous road of selfish scrambling, unemployment and starvation. *Every beggar compels us to go round the world to see how things are shared* (the italics are ours.—Ed.).

We may imagine the young ruler, as Watts has pictured him, turning away perplexed to consider, for the first time seriously, what his riches implied. Do you think he would see the necessity of going all the way with "the poor" to realize what poverty actually was? Suppose he went half a mile and found a drunken man. "Ah," he says, "here is the cause of poverty, drink! I'm not going to give up my money to those who would drink it." So back he goes to his money bags, more resolute on possession than ever. If he had gone on, he would have found thousands of sober men unemployed and poor, and as many on strike for a minimum wage. Then surely both cheeks would burn with crimson shame for his possessions: his all would be yielded to Justice, and he would be willing to go as far as the limitless principle led him. When the modern man, anxious over investments, asks what he is to do to obtain eternal income, the reply is given: "The revoltuions that impend over society are not now from ambition and rapacity, from impatience of one or another form of government, but from new modes of thinking which shall recompose society after a new order, which shall animate labor by love and science, which shall destroy the value of many kinds of property and replace all property within the dominion of reason and equity."

When a principle presents itself we do well to ask for its relations, its scope, its prophecy. Dogmas, traditions, institutions, selfish interests resist the new truth and turn destructively on the affirmer of it. When evolution was announced, all the creedalists felt themselves smitten. The principle called for a renunciation of their dogmatic attitude, and the giving up of their whole system of thought. It seemed possible to yield some points safely, as nullifying doles. The "six days creation" and even "the fall" might be surrendered, but the "atonement" and salvation by election could not be yielded. "Development" might be tentatively admitted, but "the devil" must be retained.

Rigorously the evolutionist stood for the universality of ascent. Not to man's body but to his soul also does evolution apply, his theology cannot be exempt from it, nor his religion and morality be disconnected from its operation. It has to be applied to the whole of life. All the way with it the mind has to go, whatever previous conceptions have to be dropped. It applies to Christology as to cosmology. The legends of the gospels as much as those of Genesis have to stand its scrutiny. For a while, Biblical criticism hesitated to apply the principle of evolution to the Bible as a whole. Distance lent safety to the view of myth in Genesis, but the suggestion of mythology in Matthew was so profane to orthodox respect that it could not be entertained for an instant. To find flaws in Exodus was disappointing, but to be pointed to errors in John's narrative was dreadful. But even to the words put into the mouth of Jesus the best of truth has to be applied. Nothing in the New Testament can be withheld from it. Christianity as a whole has to be set within the circle of natural development. Its alleged supernaturalness is a coat which has to be surrendered to the law of evolutionary religion. The cloak of miracle has to go with the coat of myth. Inexorably, science affirms "miracles do not happen." From "the Virgin Birth" to "the Resurrection," we must go with the compelling scepticism: on the right and on the left we must apply the rigorous rationalism.

Truth has no half way, no partiality, no separate sections, but one sublime wholeness. If we take one side to the exclusion of the other, we are false to truth. In his humorous way, Rudyard Kipling says:

> Something I owe to the soil that grew,
> More to the life that fed,
> But most to Allah, who gave me two
> Separate sides to my head.
> I would go without shirts or shoes,
> Friends, tobacco, or bread,
> Sooner than for an instant lose
> Either side of my head.

Some have been so foolish as to try to divide their heads into independent compartments and to put science into one and religion into another, to wall up emotion from reason, but the brain is an organic whole, and its ideality and rationality complement each other.

The deepest of all realizations is attained when we

know that the law of holiness, the rigour of truth has to do with the individual life. To attain wholeness in ourselves is our vital need. We are one-sided, dislocated, disproportionate. We suffer from division of faculty, from severance of heart and mind. We are not equally educated in every part of our personality. We smite ourselves on one passion and leave another untouched. We suppress one indulgence and supply another. We are misers in science and prodigals in sentiment. We deck our pleasures and put our duties in mean array. If there come past a fashionable notion in rich costume, we go with it briskly, but we turn away from the fact that presents a stern aspect. Even in religion we decline the tonic. We trip a mile with riches merrily and grudge a foot to righteousness. We have to learn the personal equation ("I sanctify myself"), the self-adjustment in which all our faculties respond readily to the call of the Highest. Our constant need is readiness for the onward movement, that trying mile by which we reach the summit.

It takes great strength to train
To modern service your ancestral brain;
To lift the weight of the unnumbered years
Of dead men's habits, methods and ideas;
To hold that back with one hand, and support
With the other the weak steps of a new thought.
It takes great strength to bring your life up square
With your accepted thought and hold it there;
Resisting the inertia that drags back
From new attempts to the old habits track.
It is so easy to drift back, to sink;
So hard to live abreast of what you think;
It takes great strength to live where you belong,
When other people think that you are wrong.
To think new it takes a courage grim
As led Columbus over the world's rim.
To think, it costs some courage, and to go—
Try it. It taxes every power you know.

THE SPIRIT UNIVERSAL.

Before an uncouth form of clay,
A wailing Pagan, prostrate, lay—
Obeisance making, in the dust,
To great Bo-bo-no, kind and just.

A Buddhist on a tattered mat,
By a wooden prayer-wheel sat
And turned the sacred symbol 'round
With eyes fixed humbly on the ground.

A Savage in the forest wild,
With faith as of a simple child,
Besought the aid of Manitou
In what he was about to do.

A Christian, kneeling, muttered low
A prayer all men and women know—
When Want unkindly lays her hand
Upon a fair and fruitful land.

* * * * *

Who, then, can well or truly say
These widely-sundered suppliants pray
To diverse Gods—to Deities apart—
When kindred yearnings fill each heart?

—HORACE G. HOPKINS.

Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 23, 1913.

"Nobody has the right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding who sees within the sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy, or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome."

—*Charles H. Eliot.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes in Religion

1912—1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

XXVII—JOB.

TEXT: *What? Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not receive evil?"* JOB 2:2.

Job is one of the great dramas in literature, such as "Prometheus" in the Greek, Goethe's "Faust," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Dante's "Divine Comedy," to which, perhaps, might be added, in point of diction and power, Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" all touching the same question—the great, ethical problem of pain and sin, the anguish and uncertainties incident to all life. Little poets answer these great questions easily, little preachers make light of them, but when you come to the profound geniuses, they recognize their depth and mystery and refrain from attempting their explanation.

Job is the least Jewish of the Scripture classics. Indeed one wonders how it got into the Hebrew Bible, for the writer of this great poem made his hero a decided heretic. He is unorthodox. He refuses to accept the decisions of the prophets as interpreted by his friends.

The critics believe that this story was originally a folk-lore tale of a great, wise, rich lord or sheik suddenly overtaken by calamity, losing property, family and health, and afterward, by the favor of the Almighty, having all returned to him.

Just as Goethe took as his theme the dim legend of Faust selling himself to the devil for a consideration, so this poet seized the Job legend, and injected into it a great debate over the causes of the misfortunes of the hero, and their relation to the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

There is a prelude and an epilogue which are bits of the old story. The poet who formulated it conceived of Job as rebellious and indignant over the calamities which had come upon him. Then three friends come and begin to preach to him, as if he had not had trouble enough already.

The friends, one after another, in three rounds, give their speeches, their orthodox explanations. Job answers the first and second, but after the third is silent. This seems to complete the original poetic creation. Possibly a hundred years later, some other poet having this drama before him, thinking a little deeper on the problem, perhaps realizing that there are other things to be said, introduces Elihu, who really does get a little further into the question than the older men did. He leaves it a little higher in the realm of ethics. He brings out a spiritual agnosticism. He does not try to explain the mystery of life, but rather he insists on an adjustment to its conditions. After the speech of Elihu Jehovah answers out of the cloud, rebuking Job and declaring to him higher considerations, which in the end do not settle the question but lift it beyond the realm of the human understanding into submission and acceptance.

Satan was first mentioned by the Prophet Zechariah, but neither the Satan of Zechariah nor the Satan in this story of Job represents the Devil of the New Testament. The Satan of Job is not the Mephistopheles of Faust, bent on mischief, the embodied leader of the bad, the gifted enemy of God, but he is the High Sheriff of the Almighty, whose duty it is to go around upon the earth making inspections in His interest. Coming before Jehovah to make report Jehovah asks if he has remarked the perfect Job. Satan says he has, but if Job's property were to be taken away from him it might be a different story. He is given permission to make the trial and Job withstands it. Then Satan reports that property loss may be borne so long as health and family remain untouched. Jehovah gives perimssion to bring this further test and Job is smitten with disease, and still he maintains his uprightness.

Job's well-meaning comforters and advisers talked from the standpoint of the prophets, who, with the exception of the Great Unknown, taught that if a man's character was right, if he were true to his ideals, prosperity and power would follow. .The burden of their teaching was "These trials must have come because you were wicked, get right with God and the curse will be lifted from you."

The heroism of Job is found in the fact that he will not accept a theory he does not believe to be true, a theology that, to him, does not account for the facts. He says: "Why this has come I can not tell, but I know that I do not deserve it." The debate is hot and exciting. In the New Testament Job is clothed with great patience but there is nothing in the text to justify the argument that he was patient; he was full of impatience, but he "held fast to his integrity."

Probably the latest book on Job writen from the standpoint of recent scholarship is one (in the series *The Bible for Home and School*) written by Prof. George A. Barton of Bryn Mawr College. Prof Barton describes the three friends as follows:

"Eliphas, the dignified, orthodox, wise man, who has just a touch of mysticism; Bildad, the commonplace mind who finds in the out-worn proverbs of the past the basis of life's philosophy; and Zophar, the rough debater, who cares less for the form of his argument or for the feelings of his friend than he does for carrying his point."

No one knows who wrote this "great epic of the inner life" as Genung calls it. The critics think there is abundant evidence that it was written during the exile, or immdiately after, so that it fits in about 440 or 400 B. C. We have here poetry, not theology or history or even philosophy, except as the highest poetry is philosophical. Job and Jehovah are the chosen mouthpieces of the poet; all the other characters are accessories, giving occasion for the words of his deepest thinking and highest inspiration. The sum and substance of the heroism of Job is found in his speech of defiance, Chapters 27 and 28.

In the old reading the Redeemer was supposed to used in the Episcopal Burial Service:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

In the old reading the Redeemer was supposed to be the Christ because of whose resurrection came the resurrection of his followers. This interpretation has been a comfort and a solace to thousands of people. But Dr. Albert Barnes, the noted Presbyterian commentator of an older day, confessed that when he reached this passage it was a bitter disappointment to him that from the original he could deduce no reference either to the Messiah or to the doctrine of the resurrection. Vindicator is a better translation than Redeemer.

QUESTIONS ON JOB.

1. Name some of the great dramas treating of the same question of which Job treats.
2. What is the origin of the story?
3. What is the structure of the poem?
4. What is the character of Satan as given in Job?
5. How does the New Testament Job compare with the Old Testament Job?
6. When was the book written?
7. What should be our attitude toward the "whys" of life?

Mr. Tagore on "Soul Consciousness"

Quoting from *The Inquirer*, the *Indian Messenger* gives the following fine report of a lecture delivered by Rabindra Nath Tagore to the "Quest Society," at Caxton Hall, London:

"We have seen," he said, "that it was the aspiration of ancient India to live and have its perfect joy in Brahma, the all-conscious and all-pervading spirit, by extending its field of consciousness over the whole world. It may be urged that this is an impossibility for finite man, and that by trying to realize all we may end in realizing nothing; but it is not so absurd as it seems. Man has his problems to solve every day; his burdens are too numerous for him to carry unaided, but he knows that by adopting a system he can lighten their weight, and if things go wrong and he can find no way out of his difficulties, it is clear that he has not yet lighted upon the right method of harmonizing all the heterogeneous elements of his life and thought so as to ensure unity of purpose and achievement. He knows that unity is strength because unity is truth. When we say knowledge is power we mean truth is power, and truth is the unity which comprehends multiplicity. Facts are many, but truth is one. The former are like blind lanes which lead nowhere; the latter opens out the whole region of the infinite, and sheds its light like a lamp in places where we did not think its rays could reach. Truth, indeed, while occupied with facts is not a mere aggregate of facts, but transcends them on every side, and points to the one reality comprehending all.

"In spiritual things, as in knowledge, man must clearly recognize some central truth that will give him access to the widest possible field of thought, and that is the object which the Upanishad has in view when it says 'know thine own self,' or, in other words, realize one great principle of unity hidden in every man. Soul-consciousness is the perception of the inner being that transcends our ego and it has its deep affinity with God. Children when they begin to learn each separate letter of the alphabet find no pleasure in it because they miss the purpose for which it exists. These letters become a source of joy for us only when they are combined into words and sentences and convey an idea. So when the soul is imprisoned within the narrow limits of the separate self, it has no clue to the meaning of life, and it is only when it co-operates with others and loses itself in the larger life of the whole that it learns the secret of its existence. Man was troubled and lived in a state of fear so long as he was ignorant

of the uniformity of law in nature and the world was alien to him. But when the individual finds himself in his surroundings and knows that neither they nor the law which shaped them is alien to him, he has discovered the bond of union which relates him to all things, and the knowledge brings him exceeding joy. This joy, however, is partial until it includes love, which obliterates the sense of difference, and leads the human soul to fulfill itself completely, and to reach out to the infinite.

"Love is the highest bliss that man can attain to, for through it he knows himself a part of the One, and it is this which is forever establishing relations between human beings through the medium of art, literature, religion, social activities and national institutions. To love in the highest sense is to die to the personal self and live in the larger self, and those who give themselves for the sake of mankind are living the life of the soul, and proving to us the ultimate truth of humanity. We call them the men of the Great Soul. It is said in the Upanishad, 'It is not that thou lovest thy son because thou desirest him, but thou lovest thy son because thou desirest thine own soul.' Whomsoever we love in him we find our soul in the truest sense, and our happiness comes from the extension of our consciousness and capacity for self-realization. It is a commonplace fact that the joys and sorrows of our loved ones are our own joys and sorrows. Through sharing them we have grown larger, we have apprehended that great truth which transcends the universe. In some respects our love for our children, for our family, may limit other relationships and prevent the extension of consciousness in certain directions. It may even become a narrow, exclusive thing, and fail ultimately to fulfill its purpose like a light placed in a sealed enclosure; but it is the *first step,* and all the wonder lies in that first step. From it we learn that our highest joy is in losing our egoistic self by sacrificing it for the welfare of others.

"To realize the soul apart from the self is, then, the first step towards the supreme deliverance. We must know with absolute certainty that we are one with the whole, and we shall attain this knowledge only by overcoming our pride and vanity, our insatiable greed and love of possession, and learning the law of disinterested service and renunciation. The self as we know it is an illusion, without permanence, and no more to be identified with the real self than the shell which held the chick so long, but which was not really a part of its life. That shell, however perfect it may be, has no growth of vitality, and it must be burst through in order that the freedom of light and air natural to the bird may be won. In Sanskrit the bird has been called the 'twice-born,' so also is called the man who has been trained by spiritual discipline and contemplation for not less than twelve years, and has come out, pure in heart, and with controlled and tranquil mind, to take up the responsibilities of life in a spirit of detachment which permits him to give all his energies to his work without being troubled by fears as to personal results. He has entered into living relationship with all around him, he is free from the domination of self, he finds the ultimate truth of existence in his own soul, and comes into immediate contact with the Supreme Soul on all sides. This is what is meant by losing the world and gaining one's soul, and when Jesus said 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth,' he proclaimed the truth that when everything is abandoned the whole is gained, that when a man gets rid of the pride of self he comes into his true inheritance and possesses all. Pride of self interferes with the proper function of the soul, which can only realize itself by its union with the universe and the universal law. Buddha is said to have preached a negative gospel of inaction, and the ultimate extinction of personality, It is true that he denounced activities, but only the activities which proceeded from the love of pleasure, vanity and the desire for wealth and dominion which keep the soul imprisoned in material things. It was true that he preached extinction, but only the extinction of all that proceeded from pride, and ignorance and earthly ambition, not the extinction of truth, charity and love. Buddha preached deliverance from the errors that darken our consciousness and tend to limit it within the boundaries of the personal self, so that as when a man sleeps he lives, but knows not the world relation of his life to his surroundings, the soul living the life of illusion is spiritually asleep, and knows not the highest reality."

Once, Mr. Tagore met two ascetics belonging to a certain religious sect in a village of Bengal, and to them he put this question: "Can you tell me wherein lies the special truth of your religion?' One of them said, 'It is difficult to define that.' The other said,, 'No, it is quite simple. We hold that we have first of all to know our own souls under the guidance of our own teacher, and when we have done that we can find Him who is the Supreme Teacher of our Souls.' 'Why do you not teach everybody that?' He smiled and then said, 'They *must* come one and all.' Yes, the illiterate ascetic of rural Bengal was right. Man is out to find himself; his history is the history of a long journey through the unknown in quest of his own soul. Through the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, through the creation of innumerable symbols giving shape to his dreams and aspirations and the casting of them away like playthings belonging to infancy, through the forging of magic keys to unlock the mysteries, and the casting away of these also when they become useless, man has marched from epoch to epoch seeking the fullest realization of his soul, whose inward course is never checked by death or dissolution. His mistakes have been by no means few, they have strewn his path with ruins. His miseries have been many, his sufferings like the pangs that precede birth. He has gone through, and is still going through, cruel martyrdom, and the institutions he has built are the altars whereto he brings his daily sacrifices. All this would be absolutely meaningless and unbearable if he had not felt through everything the deepest joy of the hidden soul, which tries its strength and achieves its growth by pain and renunciation. Yes, they are coming, the myriads of men, approaching nearer and nearer to the one great truth which is all-comprehensive. Man's wants are endless till he becomes conscious of his soul; his world is in a state of continual flux. But when he has realized his soul, there is the determinative center around which everything gathers; to him the day and night bring only joy; the air vibrates with music and the sky radiates beauty, and he has found the key to the heavenly life.

"The soul cannot attain this tranquility and joy by means of the understanding alone, but by immediate intuition. It could never have reached its goal by the

devious path of knowledge if it had no flashes of inner light to guide it. We can only know the One as heart of our hearts, and soul of our soul—in the joy that we feel when we give up self and stand face to face with Him. When we find our soul we find everything else. Therefore we pray, 'O thou self-revealing One, reveal thyself in me. From unreality lead me to the real, from darkness to the light, from death to immortality.' Infinite is the distance that lies between truth and untruth, between death and deathlessness, yet this gulf is bridged in a moment when the Eternal Spirit shows himself. Man, in his sin, takes part with the finite against the infinite, but it is a losing game. We lust after pleasures because our passions make them seem desirable; we long for things because our greed exaggerates them and makes them appear good. This falsification of things breaks the harmony of life at each step, and we are distracted and restless. But even in our pleasures we are finding ourselves and we shall learn at last that righteousness is the divine food of the soul. As it is said, 'Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' The longing for the deeper manifestation of himself is greater than a man's desire for pleasure, but God has left his will free, and within his soul he is lord. There our God must win his entrance. There he comes as a guest and not as a king, and he cannot come until he is invited. God never forces doors if they are shut against Him, for we have to realize His union of love, not His domination of power. In India we who truly live in communication with the divine receive such homage as would be considered almost sacrilegious in the West. We see in him God's will revealed, and God's perfect joy fully manifested in humanity. His life, burning with God's love, makes all our earthly love resplendent, all our earthly experiences of joy and pleasure group themselves around the spiritual truth he reveals; the trees and the stars and the blue hills appear to us symbols full of meanings that can never be uttered. We seem to see God making a new world when man's soul is face to face with the eternal Lover."

THOU THINKEST THOU HAST LIVED.

Thou thinkest thou hast lived
If fortune fair hath touched thee with its wand,
If thou hast known, but once, the top of life
In giving royally, in truly loving,
In bearing some great deed in sight of men,
Or issuing victorious from strife.
Not so; nor hast of life the flower and hight
In suffering that others may go free.
For thee the sequent years still proudly hold
A keener sense of the rich depths of being,
When thou, brave novice, shalt endure the lore
Of fate's immeasurable ironies.
Thou may'st behold the scorn of thee and thine,
Sit on the laureled brow of him thy hand
Helped to that heaven; yes, thou may'st see
Success, in them thou gavest strength to rise,
Used for thine own disfigurement and loss;
May'st know betrayal and forgetfulness,
And knowing shalt thy spirit hold in calm;
Pitying the arrogant, the meanly vain,
Unbitterly, and with no cloying hate,
Disdain, nor envy; somforted and blest
With the high thought of knowledge, worthily gained,
And the humility which makes men wise,
And the uncensured pride of purity.

—*Richard Watson Gilder.*

Industrial Peace

The churches that have added Labor Sunday to their calendar are placing themselves in the right attitude to serve their day and generation. They do well to set apart special days for the consideration of the great problems of social life. An important part of their modern mission is to lead in the effort to solve these problems. Our conception of the social duties and responsibilities of the church is growing, just as our conception of the social duties and responsibilities of government and industry are growing. Such is the spirit of the times.

The age-long strife between capital and labor, more than ever before, is a challenge to the church. That strife was never so menacing to civilization, but it is attended by many hopeful signs. One of the most hopeful is the fact that the church is getting a new and broader vision of its calling to carry peace on earth, good will among men. . . . . Various considerations may lead us to take sides in the struggle between capital and labor, but we should be fair to both sides and should not ignore the mistakes that both are making. On the side of capital are the permanece and the power that wealth and vested interests, that alliance with government, that possession of the materials and the tools of industry, and that superior education have always given to capital. It has done much good in the world; but "to whomsover much is given, of him shall much be required."

The chief responsibility for a right solution of the labor problem rests with capital, and there is less excuse for the wrong and oppression of capital than the wrong and oppression of labor. We do not condone the evil that is done within the ranks of organized labor, the wrong against honest workers outside the unions, the wrong of warring unions against each other, the crimes against life and property, the class hatred, the treason, the wickedness that the warfare of labor has developed.

We condemn them all, just as we condemn the oppression and the wickedness of capital. Serious responsibility rests upon the leaders, especially, and upon the rank and file of labor to "come into court with clean hands," if they must fight, to fight fair. Neither side can claim justification for wrongdoing because wrong has been done by the other. If each waits for perfection in the other before establishing a righteous standard for itself, industrial peace will never come.

Every Christian should regard himself as commissioned an apostle of peace and an envoy of brotherhood and use his influence to those ends, wherever his lot may be cast. The call of the Christian in every rank of life today is the call of peace, the call of industrial peace and peace among nations.

May Labor Sunday so soon to be observed by our churches express and foster that good will between all partners in the work of the world that shall enable them to live and labor together in the spirit of Jesus Christ!

Congregationalist and Christian World, Aug. 16.

Murder to the murderer is no such ruinous thought as poets and romancers will have it; it does not unsettle him, or fright him from his ordinary notice of trifles; it is an act quite easy to be contemplated, but in its sequel it turns out to be a horrible jangling and confounding of all relations.

—*Emerson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

BEECHER MEMORIAL AND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

In recognition of Henry Ward Beecher's service to the nation and its people in the cause of civic and religious liberty, and in recognition of his personal qualities of moral influence and leadership, Plymouth Church, whose pulpit he made famous, is to dedicate in October, in this year of Beecher's centennial, a group of memorials not only possessing civic and social value, but also distinguished by artistic merit. Beecher as a man, as a genius in his capacity for feeling, as an inspirer of young people, as a humanizer of theology, as a preacher of power, as a pulpit and platform orator of unique gifts, as a champion of freedom, is becoming better appreciated as the animosities engendered by his times and by his fearlessness and the jealousies arising out of his popularity and his greatness recede into the past. Yet to few has it ever been vouchsafed to be so much loved of his fellowmen, and they say in Brooklyn that he still lives there. Historians—those who are writing "the new history"—are now according him a more fitting place in the annals of the Civil War period for his important work in England.

TO BE REMOVED.

The memorials will include a Beecher House, a social institute for the joint use of young men and women, a Beecher Park, in which a bronze statute of the preacher by Gutzon Borglum will stand; and the portrayal, by means of thirty stained glass windows in Plymouth Church of "The Influence of Puritanism Upon the Liberties of the Republic." It is proposed to remove the body of Beecher from Greenwood Cemetery and place it in a crypt in the church: and also to set apart a room where the noted preacher's chair, his Bible and other books, his manuscripts and all those relics of his life and work now treasured by friends may be kept together and in safety.

A SHRINE OF LIBERTY.

Plymouth Church itself is to be made a place of liberty in America, a place of memorial not only to Beecher but to the men and women who went before him and who worked with him and afterward in the service of liberty. Plymouth Church will thus be constituted another liberty shrine.

The first action toward realizing this plan was made when it was decided to replace the plain square windows of the church with stained glass representations of historical scenes and personages. They were designed to represent the sequence of events in the fight for liberty; and one by one the windows now have been executed and placed in position. As they stand today they are the most comprehensive and notable representation in any American church of the liberty movement in Church and State; and New England must come to Brooklyn to see the most complete portrayal in stained glass of the Puritan movement.

But the series of pictures by no means confines itself to the New England colonies. The Dutch in New York, the Pennsylvania settlement, the Huguenots in the Carolinas, and the Western Movement are all represented. One window, entitled "Pioneers of Female Education," and representing Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mary Lyon, Emma Willard and Catherine Esther Beecher, may be interpreted as typifying the Women's Movement, thus bringing the series up to date. * * * *

There are two buildings, the memorial building proper and the gymnasium. The former is 100 feet long, five stories high. The gymnasium will be 100 feet by 50 feet and three stories high. In the memorial building are club rooms for young men and for young women, and one entire floor is given over to the women of the church. These club rooms will be on the second floor, and on this floor also will be a library, a rest room and a billiard room.

The statue by Gutzon Borglum represents Beecher, with outstretched hand, speaking in Plymouth Church at the great meeting held there in 1848 for the purpose of buying and liberating two slaves. These girls were the Edmonson sisters, daughters of a free negro father and a slave mother, whose owner had shipped them from Washington to New Orleans to be sold. The girls tried unsuccessfully to escape and finally their father went to New York to try to raise the $2,300 asked by their owner as their price. This sum was raised at the Plymouth Church meeting and the girls were liberated and then educated under

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the guidance of Harriet Beecher Stowe. The statue shows Beecher in the pulpit, at the foot of which crouch the two slave girls. The older holds the younger in her arms and, like a hunted animal, watches the face of the great preacher. These figures are carved in marble from the same block of which the pedestal is made.

This statue will be placed against the arcade connecting the memorial building and the church. Its background will be eight bronze bas-reliefs, representing the agitators, scholars, preachers, editors, statesmen and soldiers of the anti-slavery epoch. Among them are Lovejoy and Wendell Phillips, the abolitionists and agitators; Ralph Waldo Emerson, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sumner, Lowell, Channing and Lincoln. The seventh bas-relief shows Lincoln at Gettysburg and the eighth, Henry Ward Beecher lifting the flag at Fort Sumter.

The Beecher centennial celebration will occupy the entire last week of October. —*George W. Grey.*

In Boston Evening Transcript.

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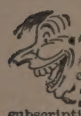

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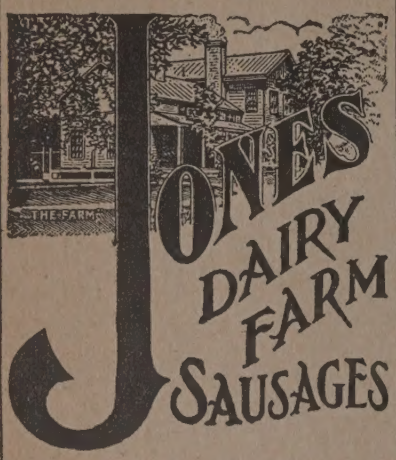

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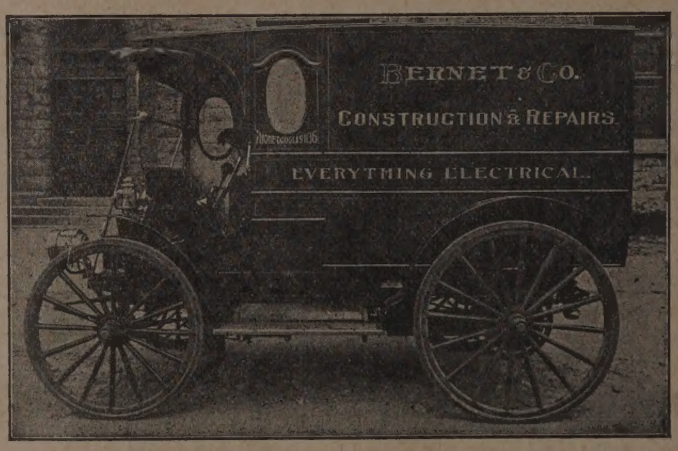

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